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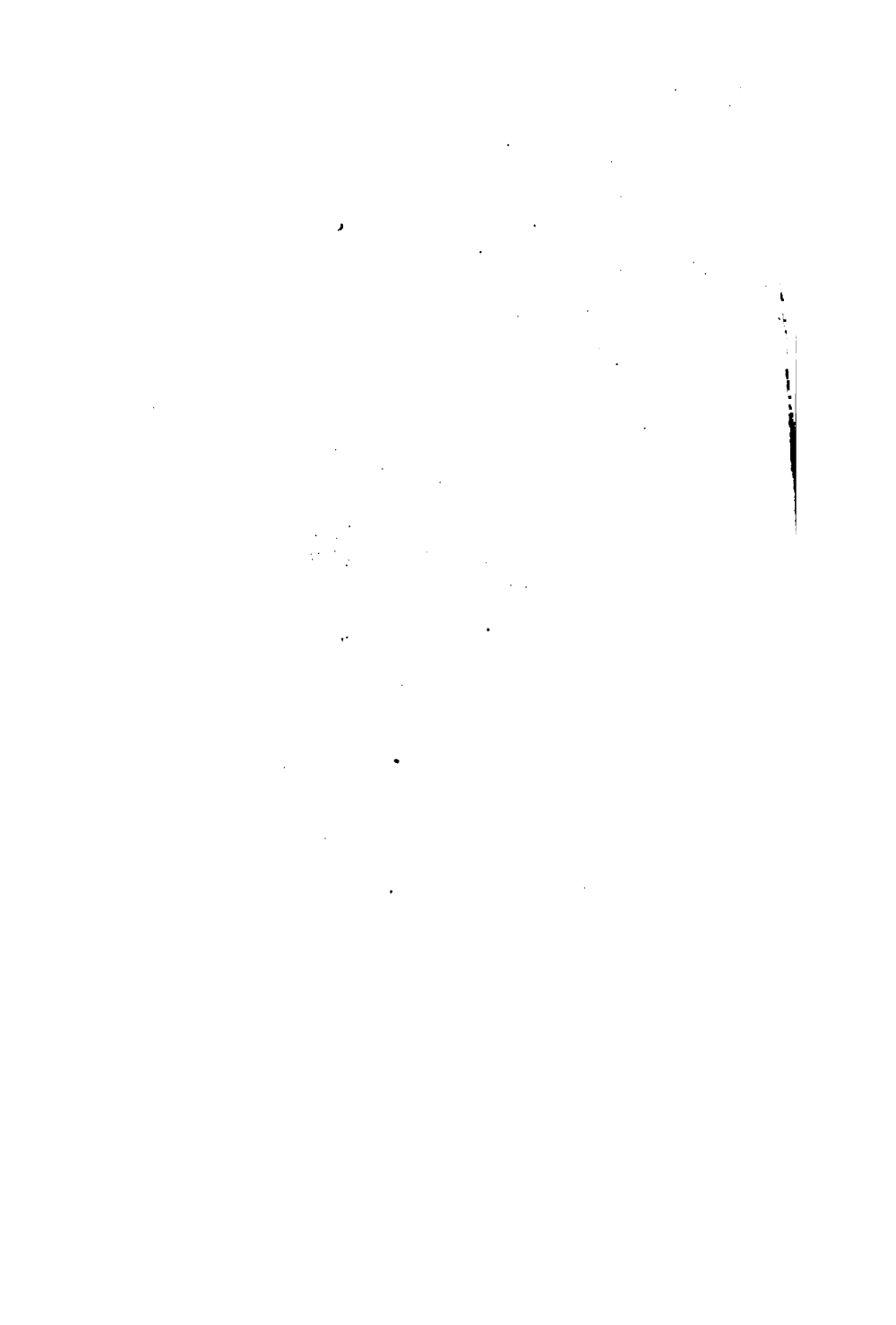
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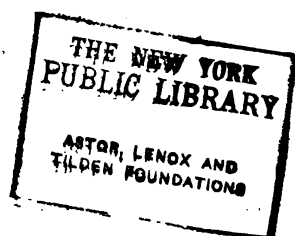


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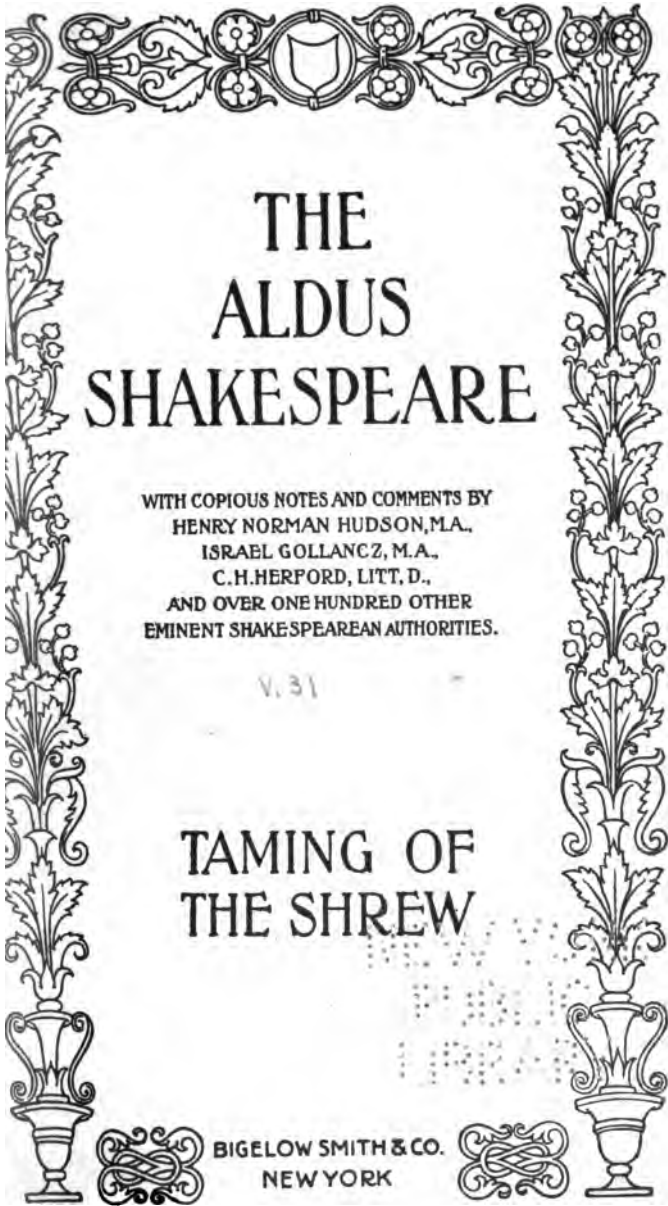












THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
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AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

V. 31

TAMING OF THE SHREW

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The Taming of The Shrew was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

“A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall. 1631.”

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on November 19, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of *The Shrew* instead of *A Shrew*, the copyright of which he had secured.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW

The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays*, 1776; The Shakespeare Society's publications, 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of *A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants.* Pope actually attributed this

crude effort to Shakespeare himself; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe—their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590-2.

THE DATE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ADAPTATION

The Taming of The Shrew is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labor Won*. Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even "as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense."

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connection with his original is considered.¹ It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between *A Shrew* and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and the scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearean portion of *The Shrew*.

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearean portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

¹ Meres mentions *King John*, though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of *The Shrew*. One should note, too, the mention of *Titus*, and the omission of 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI*.

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speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of *Adriana, Luciana*, and the *Dromios* of *The Comedy of Errors*; at another, of *Hotspur, Kate*, and *Falstaff* of *Henry IV.*¹ Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596-7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601-3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602).

SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE IN THE PLAY

As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II, i, is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearean portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169-326; 115-326, with the omission of ll. 241-254; 115-326. Act III, i, may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearean. Act III, ii, is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130-150, or possibly of ll. 1-88, 126-185. Act IV, i, iii, v, are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV, ii, iv, Act V, i, are similarly throughout non-Shakespearean. Act V, ii, 1-175 (or 1-181), certainly Shakespeare's. (Cp. Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society*, 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America*, 1890.)

¹ The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the First Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to "Sinklo," in the Folio; "Sinklo" acted in *3 Henry VI*, an early play, and *2 Henry IV* (c. 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of "a keeper"; in the latter instead of "a beadle."

["Nicke," the messenger, mentioned in Act I, i, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

"THE SHREW" AND "A SHREW": SOME NOTEWORTHY VARIATIONS

(i) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterization are concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in *The Shrew*; ¹ in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the Tapster." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had "the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life," etc. (iii) Further, the scene of action has been changed from "Athens" to "Padua." (iv) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant "Ferando" has given place to the "whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio." (v) Kate in *A Shrew* has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in *The Shrew*. (vi) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

THE SOURCES. (I) THE INDUCTION

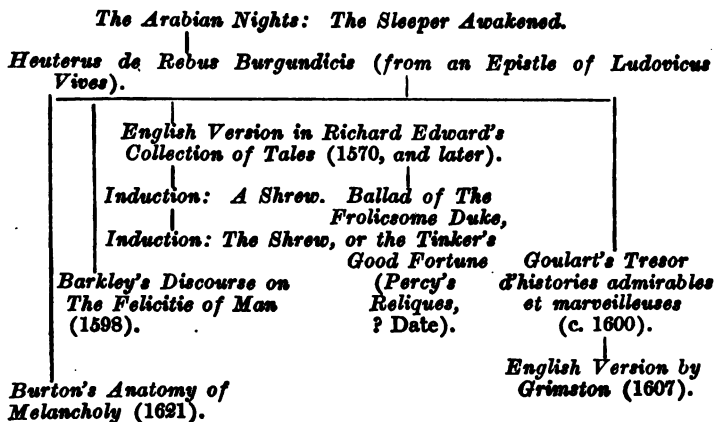
The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the *Arabian Nights*, whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatized by Calderon in his *La Vida es Sueño*

¹ From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I, i, seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.

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(*Life's a Dream*, c. 1633), probably from Rojas' *Viaje Entretenido*, is perhaps as follows:—



(II) THE MAIN PLOT

The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of The Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, *A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin (before 1575)*,¹ but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII, 2 (published in 1550).

(III) THE UNDER PLOT

The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV and V of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.²

¹ Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare Society's publication.

² From this same source, too, the name "Petruchio" was, perhaps, derived.

(IV) THE LATIN LESSON

This element (Act III, i) may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, VI, 500).

THE DURATION OF ACTION

According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I.

Day 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.

Day 3. Act III, i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.

Day 4. Act III, ii; Act IV, i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?).

Day 5. Act IV, ii. Interval (?).

Day 6. Act IV, iii, iv, v, and Act V (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I and II should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days" (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79, p. 168).

THE TAMER TAMED

Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the *Taming of the Shrew* in his *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed* (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and "eke her patience," and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the "masculine" daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account,

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aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and "Commander-in-Chief" Bianca, "city wives," "county wives," etc. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, "born again," and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

"The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives
Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends."

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

The Taming of the Shrew makes the eleventh in the division of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; or, if there were an earlier impression, no copy of it has reached us. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And the text is in general so clear as to leave little room for critical controversy.

No certain contemporary notice of this play having been discovered, we have no external guide to the probable date of the composition. So that here we must make the best we can out of such judgments as come recommended to our hands. Malone at first thought the play was written in 1606, but this opinion did not hold: he says,—“On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author’s style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions, and near, in point of time, to *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love’s Labor’s Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.” Farmer thought the Induction to be in the Poet’s best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it; that more than one hand was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes where Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged. To which Steevens replies,—“I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author: I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharina and Petruchio.” Mr. Collier, whose judgment in such matters is always deserving of respect, was once of the opinion that it should be set down to 1606; but his later sentence is for 1601, or

1602. We should attach more weight to his judgment herein, had he withheld the reasons thereof. One of which is, that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare used Baptista as the name of a woman, but, before he wrote *The Taming of the Shrew* had found out the mistake. He adds,—“The great probability is, that *Hamlet* was written at the earliest in 1601, and *The Taming of the Shrew* perhaps came from his pen not very long afterwards.” The other reason is as follows. In *The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill*, which was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in 1599, one of the persons says,—“I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.” In July, 1602, Dekker received payment of Henslowe for a play he was then writing, entitled *A Medicine for a curst Wife*. From whence Mr. Collier conjectures, “that Shakespeare produced his *Taming of the Shrew* soon after *Patient Grissill* had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his *Medicine for a curst Wife*, having been incited by the success of Shakespeare’s play at a rival theater.” There is much ingenuity, perhaps some force, in these reasons; but surely not enough to stand against the internal evidence of the play; which is too strong to admit of the belief that the whole could have been written by Shakespeare at that time. Mr. Collier is sensible of this, and therefore supposes that some parts of the play must have come from another hand; a supposition for which there is no authority, save that the assigning so late a date renders it necessary. Our persuasion, therefore, is, that the best parts of the play do not relish much of Shakespeare as he was at the period in question; and that none are so bad but they may well enough have been written by him several years before. And we should much sooner think he wrote it at different times, than that he had any help in writing it then.

That no certain contemporary notice of this play should have come down to us, is the more remarkable forasmuch as we have several such of an earlier play, called *The Tam-*

ing of a Shrew, which was first published in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. The title-page of 1594 reads thus: "A pleasant-conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594." Of this play there are, also, three several entries in the Stationers' Books; and Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, says,—“Read the book of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her.” All which argues the play to have been popular enough. And Shakespeare may have taken the more pains to keep his play out of print, and therefore out of the Stationers' Books, because it was so like one already printed.

The old *Taming of a Shrew* evidently furnished Shakespeare the plot, order, and incidents of his play, so far as these relate to the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Katharina, and the whole taming process. The scene of the first is at Athens, of the other at Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning. Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger, till the elder be disposed of. Presently one Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the tailor and haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behavior, all follow, in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a

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merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives, and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both, save that in the first *Sly* continues his remarks from time to time throughout the play, and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in *Shakespeare* this part is not carried beyond the first act.

This close similarity of title, matter, and interest, shows that the Poet had no thought of concealing his obligations; rather, it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the old play to the advantage of his company. Nevertheless, excepting a very few lines and phrases imitated or adopted, the dialogue, language, and poetry are all his own: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more determinate and specific individuality; and the whole is quickened and permeated with the briskness and vigor of his genius: even in the poorest parts there is a clean evolving of the thought, an energetic directness of style, and a driving right straight at the point, that lift it immeasurably above its model. So that the thing is emphatically a new substance cast in a borrowed mould; and that, too, with as little disturbing as might be of those associations that would be apt to make it tell on the receipts of the theater. Yet the old play must be owned to have considerable merit: probably few of the English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity and vapid common-place.

There is no telling with certainty when or by whom the old play was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592, at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. The weight of probability bears strongly in favor of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the title-page to the *Orlando Furioso*, which is known to have been Greene's, because it was spoken of as such by a contemporary writer. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publisher; and both are called histories. Knight, after stating this point, asks,—“Might not the recent death of Greene, the reputation he left behind him, the unhappy circumstances of his death, and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, ‘principally touching Robert Greene,’ have led the bookseller to procure and publish these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the labored finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy.” And he thereupon quotes from the two plays several passages, a comparison of which certainly goes to bear out his view.

To our mind this view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in *The Taming of a Shrew* that were evidently copied or taken from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this we could start many arguments; but probably all of them would not weigh so much with considerate readers as the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who, after giving his opinion the other way, remarks as follows: “I find enough in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the

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very words of his favorite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus*."

Marlowe was killed June 1, 1593. Of his *Faustus* the earliest known edition was in 1604. Henslowe's *Diary* has several entries concerning it, the earliest of which is dated September 30, 1594. From one of these entries it appears that twenty shillings were paid to Thomas Dekker, December 20, 1597, for making additions to *Faustus*. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Register January 7, 1601. All which seems to warrant the conclusion that it had not been printed in 1594, when *The Taming of a Shrew* first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of *Faustus*. And as this was probably written as early as 1588 or 1589, there appears no reason but that the above-mentioned plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before *The Taming of a Shrew* came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript, than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards our present purpose, is, that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* may have been written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and it can scarce be denied that the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may not unfairly presume *The Taming of the Shrew* to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance*. Part of the passage was quoted in our Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; but the whole is so remarkable, that it may well enough bear to be quoted again. He is ex-

horting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colors. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands allowed. And the general opinion is, that the second and third parts of *King Henry VI* are the plays in which the Poet more especially drew upon the labors of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner, as the old *Taming of a Shrew*. This, to be sure, noway infers but they were among the writings meant; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own. But the passage quoted certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded. In case of those he seems to have had little if any cause to complain on his own account, however he might resent a wrong done to his

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friends; and it is natural to suspect that Shakespeare had remodeled or appropriated some other work in which Greene had a stronger personal interest, and felt himself more nearly touched.

For our own part, though we cannot quite say we believe that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was one of the plays referred to in *The Groatworth of Wit*, yet we have to admit there are some pretty strong reasons for believing so. And from the early publication of the older play we are apt to suspect that it may have been in a manner superseded on the stage by Shakespeare's improvement upon it; while in turn the printing of that may have served to discourage the acting of this. It is to be further observed that Henslowe's *Diary* has an entry showing that *The Taminge of a Shrewe* was performed at Newington Butts, June 11, 1594. Now Henslowe was notoriously careless in the form of his accounts. So that if it be not certain that this entry related to Shakespeare's play, neither is it at all improbable that such was the case. Henslowe's accounts at the time in question were of performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The Lord Admiral was the Earl of Nottingham; the Lord Chamberlain's men were the company to which Shakespeare belonged: and the title-page of the older play in 1594 reads,—“As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants;” a company quite distinct from both the former.

The most that seems able to be said against so early a date as we have been arguing for, is, that the play was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and that the express purpose of his list would scarce have allowed him to omit *The Taming of the Shrew*, had it been in existence then. There is indeed much force in this, as Mr. Collier observes; nor should we well know how to answer it but for the fact that there was then another play, twice printed, well known, with almost the same title, and therefore very liable to be confounded with it. Besides, it were natural enough, in the circumstances, for Meres himself to doubt whether

Shakespeare had written any such play, knowing there was one of that name that he did not write. But indeed nothing is plainer than that there might be ever so much mistaking between two performances so alike in title and all the main points of stage-effect.

It hath been already remarked how Shakespeare varies from his predecessor in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to *The Supposes*, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learned how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.—There is no likelihood that the Poet went beyond *The Taming of a Shrew* for the material of his Induction; since all that any body but himself could have been the author of, is to be found there. The main features of this part, however, were by no means original in that play: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it have not traveled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and perhaps was born there; as the earliest known traces of it are met with in *The Sleeper Awakened*, of the *Thousand and One Nights*, but suspected by Mr. Lane not to be a genuine tale. But the most available version of it is in Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, though it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, being at Bruxelles, and taking a walk one night after supper with some of his favorites, found a certain artisan lying drunk and sound asleep upon the stones. It pleased him in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused the sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland to be put on him. He having digested his

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Introduction

wine and beginning to awake, there came about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many courtesies, and ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel he will put on that day. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen who salute him with all honor, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they give him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they usually did to the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the court. This done, he is taken to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet with store of Ipocras and precious wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep. X

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that

if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savory quality: the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humor! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colors of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall any where find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skillfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are every where sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence any way save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do any thing wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister. The play indeed has little depth and vigor of characterization save what is contained in Grumio, Katharina, and Petruchio: these, especially the last, have character enough, are thoroughly compacted of individual life and are forcibly drawn.

In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes

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to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and willful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst conduct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honors and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it dares a conquering power, because it wants to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

Now all this Katharina has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as "a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spir-

its, and without a particle of ill-humor from beginning to end." His plan is, to drive her out of her humor by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this, the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind.

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

PETRUCHIO AND KATHARINA

The wooer, Petruchio, is fashioned out of coarse clay; he comes not to Padua as Lucentio does, for the sake of study, but to marry for gold. The rich shrew is offered to him in jest, and he enters upon his courtship in a spirit of good-humored bravado; this even his Grumio perceives. He has never been of refined nature and habits; he goes about badly dressed; to strike his servants and wring them by the ears on the smallest cause, is common with him; but at the same time he has traveled and is experienced, he has learned to know men and how to handle them. To tame the shrew cannot frighten a man who, with all his manly power, is conscious of understanding the play of jest and flattering gallantry, and who in extreme cases knows that the

Little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

—He is a soldier, huntsman, and sailor—enough of each to develop a rugged character; he is a rigid disciplinarian, unapproachable and imposing. He is compared by Katharina to a crab-apple, and I know not what could be more expressively likened to the hard-skinned muscular faces of soldiers long in service.

Katharina, whom he undertakes to woo, is like a wasp, like a foal that kicks from its halter—pert, quick, and determined, but full of good heart; Petruchio already takes pleasure in her nature, because her honest heart overflows

in the right place, as in the last act with the widow. Spoilt by her father, she is an ill-behaved child, who cannot crave nor thank; who mistreats her gentle sister, binds her, and beats her. She is excited to the highest pitch of violence by her father's preference for her sister, but principally from envy of the numerous suitors who press round Bianca, whilst she has the prospect of remaining unmarried. She is not one of those beautiful feminine souls who remain unembittered with this prospect and in this lot, and who do not lose the special harmony of the female nature. The key rather to her character and to her conduct to the ill-mannered suitor, is that she is embittered against her threatening lot, to "lead apes in hell"—a proverbial humorous expression for the fate of the unmarried, which Beatrice also uses of herself in *Much Ado about Nothing*. She wishes for a husband, he wishes for gold; thus the way is smoothed to each of them.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

KATHARINA

It is through his wife's physical nature that Petruchio begins his attack. Kate's high stomach is brought down by fatigue, starvation, and want of sleep, and to exasperate her further, all this is done in an overstrained spirit of anxiety about her well-being. So, too, in the scarcely less primary necessity of dress she is tantalized by the sight of caps and gowns of the newest cut, only to see them rejected on the plea that they are not worth the wearing. Through the body the spirit is quickly subdued, and we know that the field is won when on the return journey to Padua we find Katharina ready, at Petruchio's bidding, to call the sun the moon, and to embrace the aged Vincentio as a young, budding virgin.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

SLY

To the *Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare supplied a pathetic frame; here a comic setting encloses the comedy, or rather, encloses it on one side; for the merry fooling of Christopher Sly, which reaches a dramatic conclusion in *The Taming of A Shrew*, is interrupted in Shakespeare's play, where the "Induction" is an introduction, and little more. But in the earlier comedy Sly makes an occasional remark—or is reported to be asleep—throughout the performance, till he is carried back in his drunken slumber to the ale-house door—or near it; and at the close, when he awakes, and hears the ominous words of the tapster, "Your wife will course you for dreaming here to-night," he answers sleepily, "Will she? I know how to tame a shrew, I dreamt upon it all this night till now. . . . I 'le to my wife presently and tame her too." Why did Shakespeare break off this pleasant encircling play? His work has marks of haste, and this may be one reason; or the semi-serious close given to the piece by the over-tamed Katharina made it impossible for him to complete the enveloping comedy.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

The Taming of the Shrew is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord, when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. His answer when he is asked how he likes it, "Indifferent well; 'tis a good piece of work, would 'twere done," is in good keeping, as if he were thinking of his Saturday night's job. Sly does not change his tastes with his new situation, but in the midst of splendor and luxury still calls out lustily and repeatedly "for a pot o' the smallest ale." He is very slow in giving up his personal identity in his sudden advancement.—"I am Christophero Sly, call not me honor nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give

me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.—What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom."

This is honest. "The Slys are no rogues," as he says of himself. We have a great predilection for this representative of the family; and what makes us like him the better is, that we take him to be of kin (not many degrees removed) to Sancho Panza.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*.

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

There is but one trait in Katharina's character that might seem to be wrongly drawn, namely, that the self-willed, violent, refractory girl should so quickly and readily consent to marry Petruchio, and that she obeys him almost without resistance, with, indeed, a nay on her lips, but a yea in her heart. However, upon a closer examination we shall again have to admit this to be a proof of the poet's thorough knowledge of human nature. It would unquestionably have been an easy matter to have given more obvious motives for Katharina's consent, but the best motive here was the very surprise, the irresistible impression made upon her by an energetic and thoroughly manly spirit. In Petruchio she probably, for the first time in her life, met with a man worthy the name of a man; hitherto she had been surrounded only by women in male attire. A genuine man she could not but esteem, nay even love, and accordingly

OF THE SHREW.

Comments

obey. This, in fact, is the result of woman's nature in general, and the psychological result of the pride and unusual energy of her character. Petruchio and Katharina, therefore, are excellently suited to one another, and as the closing scene intimates, their marriage will prove a happy one. And herein again we find an indication of the fundamental idea of the whole: that only that which is natural, and in accordance with the nature of mankind and things, is enduring, and a guarantee of happiness and contentment.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

WEAKNESS OF THE PLAY

Looking over the play at large it must be thought that the leading subject is scarcely of a caliber to correspond with the length of it, and, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, not only is blank verse bestowed on matter scarcely worthy, but the theme (at least as it is treated) seems more akin to farce than comedy. Part of this weakness is no doubt due to the comparative tameness and disparity of the underplot. This, the wooing of Bianca by lovers in disguise and masquerading servants, is a characterless tale of intrigue, and however successfully its incidents may be interwoven with those of Petruchio's enterprise, this does not overcome the essential discordance in tone and spirit. The tale of Katharina and Petruchio stands in unsupported isolation, bold spirited, lively and exciting in itself, and requiring doubtless some more sober relief, but a relief not dependent on tameness or mere difference of incident, but with contrasted geniality of characterization that would not only relieve but refresh.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

TRACES OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAND

With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakspeare can mingle his mirth, and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat discon-

certs the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that the *Taming of the Shrew* was not altogether the work of Shakspeare's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker*

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen and Servants

} *Persons in the
Induction*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina*

GREMIO,

HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca*

TRANIO,

BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio*

GRUMIO,

CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio*

A Pedant

KATHARINA, *the shrew* { *daughters to Baptista*

BIANCA,

Widow

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

INDUCTION

Christopher Sly, a tinker, is discovered in a drunken sleep by a lord. The latter, to make some fun, orders his servants to take him to the castle, to place him in the fairest chamber, to dress him in fine clothes, to put rings on his fingers, and to have sweet music ready to play when he should awake. All this is done and when Sly awakes, he is persuaded that he is a nobleman who has been insane for many years. For his amusement the following play is presented.

ACT I

In Padua lives Baptista, a rich gentleman. He has two daughters, Katharina the elder, who is known far and near for her shrewish disposition, and Bianca the younger, who is equally celebrated for her charms and gentleness. The latter has many suitors, but her father refuses her to each one, saying he will not consent to her marrying until her sister is off his hands. One of these admirers is Lucentio, a gentleman of Pisa. He disguises himself and enters Baptista's service as a tutor for Bianca. His own name and position he bestows on his servant, Tranio. In the meanwhile there has come to Padua, Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, who determines to marry Katharina.

ACT II

Baptista gladly consents to this marriage. Tranio as Lucentio asks to be counted among Bianca's suitors. It is with a strong wooing that Petruchio courts Katharina;

Synopsis

THE TAMING

her loud and angry words are greeted by his praises of her sweetness and gentleness. When her father comes in Petruchio tells him to prepare the wedding-feast, for they are agreed to be married the following Sunday.

ACT III

In another part of the house the real Lucentio in his guise as tutor tries to win Bianca. On Sunday, when all the wedding-guests are assembled, the bridegroom is missing. After a long wait, he comes in a fantastic attire which he cannot be persuaded against wearing during the ceremony. As they leave the church he insists on starting immediately for their home, not even waiting for the wedding-feast, although Katharina entreats and storms.

ACT IV

At his country-house Petruchio pretends to be very careful of his wife's welfare, but he finds fault with the food, so that she gets nothing to eat, and when she retires to sleep, he finds fault with the bed and tosses the pillows and clothes about until Katharina is forced to seek rest in a chair. Every time she sleeps she is awakened by his storming at the servants. The next day it is the same way; even a new hat and gown which he had ordered for her she is not allowed to have, although, or rather because, she likes them. Finally, to make Petruchio keep his temper, Katharina will do or say whatever he likes. In Padua, Tranio as Lucentio introduces a schoolmaster to Baptista as his father and by the former's help wins Baptista's consent to his marriage with Bianca. The real Lucentio is successful with the lady herself.

ACT V

Just then, matters are complicated by the arrival of Lucentio's real father. Tranio tries to bluff it out to make time for his master and is about to have the father arrested

OF THE SHREW

Synopsis

when Lucentio and Bianca arrive and announce their marriage. Explanations are made and a great feast is spread in Lucentio's house. Among the guests are Petruchio and Katharina and a third bride and groom. The gentlemen pass jokes about Petruchio's wife and after the dinner is over and the men are alone, each wagers that his wife is the most obedient and gentle. To the surprise of all Katharina is the only one who yields to her husband's wishes.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION

SCENE I

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallasbris; let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough. [*Exit.*]

3. "*The Slys*"; Knight says,—“The tinker was right in boasting the antiquity of his family, though he did not precisely recollect the name of the Conqueror.” Doubtless the name is from the same original as our words *sly* and *sleight*. So that there have been Slys ever since there began to be *skillful*, *unning* men. The name is said to have been common in the Poet's native town.—H. N. H.

9. "*go by, Jeronimy*"; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."—I. G.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*]

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

17. "*Brach Merriman*"; "*brach*" usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires "*brach*" to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of "*couple*," "*mate*." Hammer proposed "*leech*"; Keightley, "*bathe*"; Singer (ed. 2) "*trash*," &c.—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Induction. Sc. i.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself? 41

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when
he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight

And with a low submissive reverence

Say 'What is it your honor will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your
hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play
 our part,

As he shall think by our true diligence 70
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
 Traveling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honor, players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

64. "*And he says he is,*" &c., so the old eds. The reading is probably correct; the line means "when he says he is mad, say that he dreams." Rowe proposed "*And when he says he's poor*"; Keightley "*And when he says what he is,*" &c.—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Induction. Sc. i.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honor. 80

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

'Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90

The rather for I have some sport in hand

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest over-eyeing of his odd behavior,—

For yet his honor never heard a play,—

You break into some merry passion

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves, 100

88. The Folio and Quarto prefix "*Sincklo*," the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of *2 Henry IV*, V. iv., and in the Folio, *3 Henry VI*, III. i.—I. G.

"*Soto*" is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*. —I. G.

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance,
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action, 110
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

112. "accomplished," performed.—C. H. H.

OF THE SHREW

Induction. Sc. ii.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honor taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honor' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me

131. "*usurp*," assume.—C. H. H.

conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment
I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no 10
more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more
feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card- 20
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and
now by present profession a tinker? Ask
Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,
if she know me not: if she say I am not
fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,
score me up for the lyingest knave in Chris-
tendom. What! I am not bestraught:
here's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants
droop! 30

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your
house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
ment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

OF THE SHREW.

Induction. Sc. ii.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch 40
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will
soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift 50

As breathed stags, aye, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny
wood, 60

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
bleeds,

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for
thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none. 70

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restored! 80
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

OF THE SHREW.

Induction. Sc. ii.

And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet, 90
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Hacket.

Sly. Aye, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no
such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. 101

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord:' I am your good-
man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and hus-
band;

I am your wife in all obedience. 110

96. "*John Naps of Greece*"; Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green." Probably there is an allusion to some place in Warwickshire, then known by the name of Greece."—H. N. H.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Aye, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed. 120

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Aye, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loath to fall into my
dreams again: I will therefore tarry in de- 130
spite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honor's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

OF THE SHREW

Induction. Sc. ii.

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
life. 140

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a
comonty a Christmas gambold or a tum-
bling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit
by my side and let the world slip: we shall
ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

15. "*hopes conceived*"; that is, to fulfill the expectations of his friends.—H. N. H.

By virtue specially to be achieved. 20

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

26. "affected," disposed.—C. H. H.

32. *Cp. The Taming of a Shrew*:—

"Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks."—I. G.

42. "If Biondello, thou wert"; the Collier MS. reads "now were";
Dyce adopts this emendation.—I. G.

But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [Aside] To cart her rather: she's too rough
for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:

I wis it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool

And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

64. "To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool"; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merris Tales*. "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kinbe his head with a ill. footed stoole."
—I. G.

OF THE SHREW.

Act I. Sc. i.

Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70

Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: 90

Go in, Bianca:

[*Exit Bianca.*]

And for I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing-up:
 And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; ¹⁰⁰
 For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I
 not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as
 though, belike, I knew not what to take, and
 what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
 are so good, here's none will hold you.
 Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
 may blow our nails together, and fast it
 fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. ¹¹⁰
 Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet
 Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit
 man to teach her that wherein she delights,
 I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I
 pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
 never brooked parle, know now, upon advice,
 it toucheth us both, that we may yet again
 have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
 rivals in Bianca's love, to labor and effect ¹²⁰
 one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

108-109. "*Their love*"; it seems that we should read—*Your love*. *y*
 in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right,
 it must mean—the good-will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.—
 H. N. H.

"*Blowing the nails*" seems to have been a proverbial expression for
doing nothing.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. i.

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the highcross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole? He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 160
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
so,

‘Redime te captum quam queas minimo.’

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her
hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 181

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

OF THE SHREW.

Act I. Sc. i.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus
it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! 190
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her?

Tra. Aye, marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son; 200
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his
friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense; 220
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
where are you? Master, has my fellow Tra-
nio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his?
or both? pray, what 's the news? 230

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. i.

I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him? would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, 250
that thyself execute, to make one among
these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth,
my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,

240. "*I, sir! ne'er a whit.*" Rowe proposed "*Ay, sir, ne'er,*" &c.; Dyce, "*Ay, sir.—Ne'er.*" It is difficult to determine whether "*I*" is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for "*Ay.*"—I. G.

253-254. "*The presenters,*" i. e. Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.—I. G.

surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship!

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I.
sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should
knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old 20
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petru-
chio! How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honora-
to signior mio Petruchio.'

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this
quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in
Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me
to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me
knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, 30
was it fit for a servant to use his master so,
being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-
thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at
first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

26. "*Petruchio*"; Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelled this name correctly *Petrucio*, but Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio*, in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice*.—H. N. H.

28. "*what he 'leges in Latin*"; the Folios and Quarto, "*leges*," an authorized form for "*alleges*"; Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.—I. G.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake
 you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me 40
 here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock
 me soundly'? And come you now with,
 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's
 pledge:

Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
 And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
 Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the 50
 world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
 Where small experience grows. But in a few,
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
 Antonio, my father, is deceased;
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
 Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife? 60
 Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
 And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
 And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
 Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

60. "*Ill-favored*" has reference, no doubt, to the features of her mind, not of her person. "*Shrewd*" in the sense of *shrew*.—H. N. H.

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
 his mind is; why, give him gold enough and
 marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or
 an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, 80
 though she have as many diseases as two and
 fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
 Is that she is intolerable curst 90

74. "*Adriatic seas*"; a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare*, in a note upon this passage, says,—“The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by ‘the swelling Adriatic seas,’ which pour over it into the Lagunes.”—H. N. H.

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all
measure,

That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's
effect:

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola, 100
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well
as I do, she would think scolding would do 110
little good upon him: she may perhaps call
him half a score knaves or so: why, that's
nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his
rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she
stand him but a little, he will throw a figure
in her face and so disfigure her with it that
she shall have no more eyes to see withal than
a cat. You know him not, sir.

118. "a cat"; Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more
common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison
where no resemblance is intended."—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. ii.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: 120
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst! 131
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the 140
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes
there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

120. "*Keep*" here means *care*, keeping, custody.—H. N. H.

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.

Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:

All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her: 150

You understand me: over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper
too,

And let me have them very well perfumed:

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to
her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assured,

As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. 161

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior
Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista
Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And by good fortune I have lighted well 170

On this young man, for learning and behavior

163-164. "*paper*" . . . "*them*"; changed by Pope to "*papers*":
Mr. Daniel considers "*paper*" to be the note of the "*books*," and
"*them*" the books.—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. ii.

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. 180

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: 190
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange!

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live? 200

Gru. Will he woo her? aye, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang? 210

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru.

For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er. 220

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't
he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. ii.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you
to do? 229

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. · Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offense? 231

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you? 240

Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers; 250
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

237. "Not her to"; the original has a dash in this place. As the dialogue here runs in rhyme, the ending of the next verse shows that this was to end with *woo*. Of course Tranio anticipates and interrupts Gremio.—H. N. H.

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue 260

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:

The youngest daughter whom you hearken for

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free and not before. 270

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;

And if you break the ice and do this feat,

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding. 280

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

273. "gratify," reward.—C. H. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act I. Sc. ii.

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be
gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[*Exeunt.*

236. "motion," proposal.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Padua. [A room in Baptista's house.]

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[Flies after Bianca.]

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in. 30

[Exit Bianca.]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen! 41

Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a
daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me
leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the wit-
ness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], 80
that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*to Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming? 90

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;

75-84, arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.—I. G.

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favor as the rest: 100
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin
books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.

Take you the lute, and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently. 110

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor.*

Bio. following.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

105. "*Lucentio is your name.*" We may suppose, with Mr. Lee, that "From Lucentio" or the like was written on the parcel.—C. H. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me, 120
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between
us, 130

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Aye, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me; 140
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Aye, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. 150

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I 'll fume with them.'

And, with that word she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute; 160

While she did call me rascal fiddler

And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, 170
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence: 180
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate, 189

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved
 you hither
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first 200
 You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be. 211

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
 thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

207. "*no such jade as you*"; probably an error for "*no jade for such as you*," as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, e. g. "*no such load as you, sir*" (Singer), &c.—I. G.

212-214. "*buzzard*" in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 212); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 213, 214); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) "a buzzing insect," hence "you wasp" (l. 215). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—"that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove"; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion the proverbial "blind buzzard."—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Aye, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail. 220

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms. 230

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would. 240

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not
so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
250

And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
teous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue 261
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportfull!

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. 270

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 280

Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.

Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss. 290

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
 A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
 If she be curst, it is for policy, 299
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee
 hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night
 our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? 310
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.

301. "*morn*"; cp. *Troilus*, I. iii. 229:—

"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus."

The Collier MS. has "*moone*."—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Act II. Sc. i.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest
shrew. 320

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sun-
day. 331

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for: 340

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

330. "*We will have rings and things,*" probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.—I. G.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back: 'Tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound
this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of
both, 350

That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies, 360
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine. 370

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! 380
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two gal-
liasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have: 390
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,

383. "*Marseilles' road*," Folio 1 and Quarto, "*Marcellus*"; the other Folios "*Marcellis*"; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, cp. "*Venice gold*," "*Pisa walls*" in the previous speech.
—I. G.

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, 400

I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor. [*Exit Baptista.*

Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age 410

Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cun-

ing.

[*Exit.* 420

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

4. Theobald proposed "*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*"; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.—I. G.

9. "*Preposterous*," here in its literal sense, of one who inverts the natural order of things.—C. H. H.

"*so far to know*," far enough to know.—C. H. H.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,'
I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio
of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to
get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lu-
centio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my
man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—
'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars. 40

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic
est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—Hic
steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—
'regia,' presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair
not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant
is! 50

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedasculè, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, 59

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be de-
ceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual, 70

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

59. "*Æacides was Ajax*"; this is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out.—H. N. H.

61. "*formal*," precise.—C. H. H.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reads*] " 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,

 'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;

 'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,

 'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:

 'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:

 'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."

80

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up:

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

73. "*gamut*," the scale.—C. H. H.

82. "*I am not so nice*"; one of the ancient meanings of *nice* was *silly*, *foolish*. Thus in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale*: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice*." Likewise in Gower:

 "A tale of them that be so *nice*,
 And feignen them selfe to be wise,
 I shall the tell in such a wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. sc. 2: "The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge, of dear import."—In the original the next line reads,—"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." *Charge* was a frequent misprint for *change*, and was so corrected in the folio of 1632. Theobald changed *old* into *odd*; which is evidently right, as the speaker has just said,—"Old fashions please me best." Besides, *old* and *inventions* will hardly go together.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW.

Act III. Sc. ii.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love: 90
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the
'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen; 10
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him
 though.

[Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such 30
 news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

16. "make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns"; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert "yes" before "and." The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"Make friends invite, yes" (Singer); "make friends invite guests" (Dyce); "make feasts, invite friends" (Dyce, 2).—I. G.

OF THE SHREW.

Act III. Sc. ii.

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you 40
there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat
and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches
thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been
candlecases, one buckled, another laced, an
old rusty sword ta'en out of the town ar-
mory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with
two broken points: his horse hipped with an
old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; 50
besides, possessed with the glanders and like
to mose in the chine; troubled with the lam-
pass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-
galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the
yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled
with the staggers, begnawn with the bots,
swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten;
near-legged before and with a half-cheeked
bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which,
being restrained to keep him from stum- 60

58. "*Near-legged*"; the original has *neere leg'd*; which is the way
it is there usually spelled. The common reading is *ne'er legged*,
which Malone explains to mean "foundered in the fore-feet; having,
the jockeys term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on." Of the read-
ing we have given, Lord Chadworth says,—*"I believe near-legg'd*
right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with
at leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden de-
scribes old *Jacob Tonson*, two left legs; that is, he was awkward
the use of them; he used his right leg like the left."—H. N. H.

bling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humor of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey. 70

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came? 80

Bap. Aye, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

OF THE SHREW

Act III. Sc. ii.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir. 90

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, 110

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words: 120

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accouterments,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church. 130

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, 140
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

139. "*But to her love concerneth*"; in the original *to* is wanting before *love*. Of course *concerneth* is used impersonally, it being understood.—H. N. H.

Which once perform'd, let all the world say
no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola, 150
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him! 161
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Aye, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so
loud,

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest:

'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again? 170

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck 181

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo:

And I seeing this came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

177. "*Throw the sops in the sexton's face*"; the custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII "For the Marriage of a Princess":—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practiced at the marriage of Phillip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* it is called a *knitting cup*; in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's*, the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the *Salisbury Missals*.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act III. Sc. ii.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding
cheer? 190

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me; 200
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. 210

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Aye, sir, they be ready: the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are
green;

For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom, 220
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Aye, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her; 230

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he 241

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with
thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate:

OF THE SHREW

Act III. Sc. ii.

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like. 249

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming 'after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis! 10

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. i.

Gru. O, aye, Curtis, aye: and therefore fire,
fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost:
but, thou knowest, winter tames man,
woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old
master, and my new mistress, and myself,
fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no
beast. 30

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a
foot; and so long am I at the least. But
wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on
thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being
now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold
comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes
the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but
thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and 40
have thy duty; for my master and mistress
are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire already: and therefore, good
Grumio, the news.

28. "*And myself, fellow Curtis*"; Grumio calls himself a *beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*: this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thyself*. Grumio's sentence is proverbial: "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."—H. N. H.

31. "*Am I but three inches?*"; Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.—H. N. H.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, 50 cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How? 60

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Im-* 70 *primis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. I.

crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. 80

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she. 90

Gru. Aye; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready? 100

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

99. "curtry," this mark of respect (also called making a leg) was used by both sexes.—C. H. H.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her. 110

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is 120 all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir. 130

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. i.

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the
heel; 140

There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath-
ing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and wel-
come.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry. 150

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains,
when?

147. "*Where is the life that late I led*"; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *op. 2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 147. Similarly "*It was the friar of orders gray*," &c., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.—I. G.

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders gray,
 As he forth walked on his way:—
 Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
 Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
 [*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
 Where's my spaniel Trolius? Sirrah, get you
 hence,
 And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
 One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
 with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some
 water? 169

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
 You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
 Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
 stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else
 shall I?

What's this? mutton?

First Serv.

Aye.

Pet.

Who brought it?

Peter.

I. 170

152. "*It was the friar of orders gray*"; Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Gray*, from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. i.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it, 181

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor. 190

Re-enter Curtis

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor
soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure. 200

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Aye, and amid this hurly I intend 211
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

198. "*sharp*," with a keen appetite, "*peckish*."—C. H. H.

216. "*to kill a wife with kindness*," a proverbial expression. Hey-

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. ii.

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! 10

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

wood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, was first produced in 1602.—I. G.

7. "*The Art to Love*"; an allusion to Ovid's *Ars amandi*.—C. H. H.

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

20

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lu-
centio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favors

30

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry with her though she would en-
treat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite for-
sworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved
me

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. ii.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case?

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both for-
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, 50
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Aye, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Aye, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill,

45. "*longeth*"; the Folios and Quartos correct "*longeth*," without apostrophe; "*to long*" in the sense of "*to belong*" is common in older English writings. Similarly "*pointed*" in old eds., III. ii. 1.—I. G.

61. "*An ancient angel*"; so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald sug-

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua 81
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

gested "*engle*" (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul*, *gentle*, *morsel*, *antick*, &c., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."—I. G.

THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Will publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
 I marvel, but that you are but newly come,
 you might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
 Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!

I have bills for money by exchange
 on Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

Tell, sir, to do you courtesy,
 will I do, and this I will advise you:
 tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Aye, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
 renowned for grave citizens.

Among them know you one Vincentio?
 I know him not, but I have heard of him;
 merchant of incomparable wealth.

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
 countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
 one. [Aside. 101

To save your life in this extremity,
 this favor will I do you for his sake;
 I think it not the worst of all your fortunes
 that you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
 and in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
 look that you take upon you as you should;
 you understand me, sir: so shall you stay
 till you have done your business in the city: 110
 this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
 the patron of my life and liberty.

Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;

My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed: 10

'And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

13. "*as who should say,*" as much as to say.—C. H. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

25. "*too hot a little*"; this is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glasse of Humours*: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humors."—H. N. H.

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: 40
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it
not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! 51

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and
things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of
bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this
knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy
leisure,

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. iii.

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

60. "*ruffling treasure*"; Pope changed "*ruffling*" to "*rustling*"; perhaps we should read "*russling*" (for "*rustling*"). Cp. *Lear*, II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is "*russel*," while the Folios have "*ruffle*." Mrs. Quickly's "*rushling in silk and gold*" (*Merry Wives*, II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favor of "*rustling*."—I. G.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

Pet. Thy gown? why, aye: come, tailor, let us
see 't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: 91
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

88. "*up and down*"; a phrase of the time, meaning *exactly*, something like our *out and out*.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW.

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of
thread? 111

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
livest!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor
braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master
cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut
it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to 130
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said
so.

Tai. [*reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to
death with a bottom of brown thread: I said
a gown.

Pet. Proceed. 140

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Aye, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I
commanded the sleeves should be cut out,
and sewed up again; and that I'll prove
upon thee, though thy little finger be armed 150
in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in
place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have
no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mis-
tress. 160

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mis-

135. "loose-bodied gown"; Grumio seems to be quibbling upon
loose-bodied, as if it meant a loose woman.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. iii.

dress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more. 170

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful? 181

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end; 190
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is. 200

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Padua. Before Baptista's house

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like
Vincentio.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Ped. Aye, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

193. "by dinner-time," i. e. eleven, then the fashionable hour.—
C. H. H.

5. "lodgers at the Pegasus"; Shakespeare has here taken a sign out
of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms
of the Middle Temple, and is a very popular sign.—H. N. H.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I
told you of: 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me
well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

48. "know"; possibly a misprint for *trou*.—C. H. H.

61. "pittance," diet.—C. H. H.

62. "Cambio," probably an error for "*Biondello*," as suggested by

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. iv.

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

[*Exit Bion.*

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh up-
on you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here be-

the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have "flown on the wings of love" to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."—I. G.

66. "*Lucentio.*" Rowe first assigned this line to Lucentio (*Biondello* Ff.); the Ff. having *Cambio* in 62. The Camb. edd. prefer to read *Biondello* in 62, on the ground that Lucentio is not Baptista's servant (v. 58), and that, had he been thus despatched, he would have "flown on the wings of love" and not been available at v. 72. But (1) as the tutor of Baptista's daughter, he is more naturally regarded as his servant than Biondello, who, as specially attached to the service of Tranio, is doubtless meant by "my boy"; (2) Lucentio is prevented from hurrying away by Tranio's "wink and laugh."—C. H. H.

hind, to expound the meaning or moral of
his signs and tokens. 89

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is
at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? 90

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance: take you as-
surance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimen-
dum solum:' to the church; take the priest,
clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married 100
in an afternoon as she went to the garden
for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may
you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master
hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's,
to bid the priest be ready to come against
you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I
doubt?

"meaning or moral"; that is, the secret purpose.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. v.

Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. 110
[*Exit.*]

SCENE V

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd! 10

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress:
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30
What stars do spangle heaven with such
beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favorable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

41. "lovely bed-fellow"; that the reader may see how well Shake-

OF THE SHREW.

Act IV. Sc. v.

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make
known 50

Which way thou travelest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much
amazed me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;

speare could make a good thing better, we subjoin the corresponding
passage from the old play:

"Faire lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth.—
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—

Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."—H. N. H.

46. "*everything I look on seemeth green*"; another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.—H. N. H.

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60

I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travelers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be un-
toward. [Exit.]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-
place; 10

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

10. "bears more toward," lies more in the direction of.—C. H. H.

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken 20 withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak 30 with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Aye, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' 40 means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

31. "*his father has come from Padua,*" so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e. g.* "*to Padua,*" "*from Pisa,*" &c., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.—I. G.

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. i.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together:
God send 'm good shipping! But who is
here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are
undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-
hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you 50
forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my
life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master?
yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.* 60

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will
murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see
the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and
Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my
servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?

O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a 70
copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good 80
father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the 90
lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. i.

Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail! 100

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio. 110

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is:
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son? 120

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant,*
as fast as may be.

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive
us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio? 131

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss,
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have 140
sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married
my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go
to: but I will in, to be revenged for this vil-
lainy. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the
rest; 150

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[Exit.
Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. ii.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sir-
rah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. 160
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

8. The "*banquet*" here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit
down; 10

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were
true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my
sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good
widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round.'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrows by his woe:

refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweet-meats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.—H. N. H.

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. ii.

And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body 40

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Aye, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Aye, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush; And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. 51

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns. 70

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. ii.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gre. Aye, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife? 90

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire. 102

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy? 110

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

OF THE SHREW

Act V. Sc. ii

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women 130

What duty they do owe their lords and hus-
bands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair
buds, 140

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for
thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land, 149
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least
are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's
foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

OF THE SHREW.

Act V. Sc. ii.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss
me, Kate. 180

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the
white; [To Lucentio.]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tamed so. [Exeunt.]

185. "*You two are sped*"; that is, the fate of you both is decided;
for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.—
H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABOVE** (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4 "about"); Induct. ii. 116.
- ACHIEVE**, gain, possess; I. i. 161.
- ADVERSARIES**, opposing counsel; I. ii. 284.
- ADVICE**, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.
- ADVISED**; "art thou not advised," do you not understand; I. i. 191.
- AFFIED**, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.
- AGENOR**; "the daughter of A.," i. e. "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 173.
- AGLET-BABY**, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.
- AIM'D**, guessed; II. i. 240.
- AI'CE**, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.
- "A LITTLE POT, AND SOON HOT,"** alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.
- "ALLA NOSTRA CASA BEN VENUTO,"** &c., Welcome to our house, my much honored Signior; I. ii. 25-6.
- AMORT**, dejected; IV. iii. 36.
- AN**, if; I. i. 132.
- ANCIENT**, old, former; Induct. ii. 35; I. ii. 47.
- AND ALL ONE**, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.
- ANGEL**; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.
- ANNA**, the sister of Dido; I. i. 159.
- ANTIC**, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.
- APES**; "lead apes in hell," alluding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.
- APPLY**, i. e. "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.
- ARGOSY**, a merchant-ship; II. i. 382.
- ARMS**, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms*; II. i. 230.
- ARRAS**, tapestry; II. i. 359.
- AS**, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if; I. ii. 159; as though; II. i. 163; that; IV. iii. 114.
- ASSURANCE**, legal settlement; II. i. 404.
- AT A BAY**, at bay; V. ii. 56.
- AWFUL**, awe inspiring; V. ii. 109.
- BACCARE**, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

OF THE SHREW

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BALK; "b. logic," *i. e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.
BALM, anoint; Induct. i. 48.
BARs, prevents; Induct. ii. 140.
BASTA (Italian), enough; I. i. 203.
BATE, flap the wings; IV. i. 204.
BEAR-HERD, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.
BEARS ME FAIR IN HAND, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.
BEHOLDING, beholden; I. ii. 280.
BELIKE, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.
BE-METE, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.
BEMOILED, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 80.
BEN VENUTO; "I shall be your b. v." *i. e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 288.
BESTRAUGHT = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.
BIAS, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.
BILL, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 154.
BLEAR'D, dimmed; V. i. 127.
BLUE COATS; the dress of common serving-men; IV. i. 97.
BOARD, woo; I. ii. 96.
BOOKs; "put me in thy books," *i. e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 231.
BOOT, avail, use; V. ii. 176.
BOOT-HOSE, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 69.
BOSS'D, embossed, studded; II. i. 361.
BOTTOM, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.
BOW'D, bent; II. i. 154.
BRACH, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound

("brach merriman," I. 17, *vide* note); Induct. i. 18.
BRAVE, *i. e.* handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.
BRAVED, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid*); IV. iii. 125.
BRAVERY, finery; IV. iii. 57.
BRAVES, bullying; III. i. 15.
BREATHED, in full career; Induct. ii. 51.
BREECHING, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.
BRING = take; IV. i. 188.
BUCKLER, shield; III. ii. 246.
BUGs, bugbears; I. ii. 214.
BURST, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 86.
BURTON-HEATH, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.
BUT, except, unless; III. i. 64; IV. iv. 2.
BUTTERY, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.
BUZZ, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (= "bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i. 212.
BUZZARD; II. i. 212-214 (*vide* note).
CAROUSING TO, drinking healths to; III. ii. 175.
CARPETS, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 54.
CART (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.
CAST ON NO WATER, alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water,

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cast on water!" IV. i. 21.
CENSER, a fire pan, which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.
CERNS = concerns; V. i. 79.
CHAFED, made furious; I. ii. 206.
CHAFELESS, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 48.
CHECKS (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.
CLOSE, secretly; Induct. i. 127.
COCK'S, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 124.
COMFORMABLE, compliant, yielding; II. i. 285.
COMONTY; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 142.
COMFASSED, round; IV. iii. 141.
CONDITIONS; "soft c." gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.
CONSERVES, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.
CONTENTED, pleased; IV. iv. 107.
CONTENTS, pleases; IV. iii. 183.
CONTENT YOU, keep your temper; II. i. 349.
CONTRIVE, while away; I. ii. 282.
CON TUTTO, &c.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.
CONY-CATCHED, deceived, tricked; V. i. 105.
CONY-CATCHING, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 47.
COPATAIN HAT, a high crowned hat; V. i. 71.
COUNTENANCE, do honor to; IV. i. 105.
COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes; II. i. 359.
COXCOMB, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 232.

THE TAMING

CRAB, crab-apple; II. i. 236.
CRACK-HEMP, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 48.
CRAVEN, a beaten cock; II. i. 234.
CREDIT, do honor to; IV. i. 110.
CRIED; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," i. e. he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct. i. 23.
CULLION, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.
CUM PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMENDUM SOLUM, i. e. "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage rights; IV. iv. 93.
CUNNING, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.
CUNNING, skillful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
CURIOUS, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
CURST, shrewish; I. i. 185.
CUSTARD-COFFIN; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
CYTHEREA, Venus; Induct. ii. 54.
DANCE BARE-FOOT; "I must dance barefoot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
DECLINING; "d. head into" = head d. into; Induct. i. 119.
DEEP-MOUTH'D, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.
DEMI-CANNON, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
DENIER, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou*; Induct. i. 9.
DIAPER, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.
DIGRESS, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 111.
DOG-WEARY, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.

DOMINEER, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 231.

DOUGH; "our cakes are dough on both sides," &c.; i. e. we are disappointed; a popular proverb; I. i. 110; V. i. 150.

ELEVEN AND TWENTY, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.

EMBOSS'D, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.

EMBRACEMENTS, embraces; Induct. i. 118.

ENCOUNTER, greeting; IV. v. 54.

EXPECT, believe (Folio 2, "except"); IV. iv. 91.

"**FAC'D IT WITH A CARD OF TEN**," played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 414.

FAIR, in state, finery; II. i. 17.

"**FAIR BEFALL THEE**," good fortune befall thee; V. ii. 111.

FARDINGALES = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.

FASHIONS (a corruption of *farciens*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 53.

FAULT; "coldest f." i. e. absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.

FAY, faith; Induct. ii. 84.

FEAR, frighten; I. ii. 214.

FEARS; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.

FEW; "in a few," i. e. in a few words; I. ii. 52.

FINE, smart; IV. i. 143.

FIVES, a disease in horses; III. ii. 55.

"**FLORENTIUS' LOVE**"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve

a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*); I. ii. 69.

FOULTS, mocks; II. i. 29.

FOOL, a professional fool; I. i. 65.

FOR ASSURANCE, to make sure; V. ii. 65.

FOUL, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.

FRETS, stops of the lute; II. i. 163.

FRETTING, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 335.

FROWARD, refractory; I. i. 69.

FULL, exactly; I. i. 203.

FURNITURE, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 185.

GALLIASSES, large galleys; II. i. 380.

GAMBOLD, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 142.

GAMESTER, used contemptuously; II. i. 409.

GAWDS, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.

GENTLES, gentlemen; III. ii. 97.

GIFTS, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.

GIRD, gibe; V. ii. 58.

GIVE OVER, leave; I. ii. 106.

GOD-A-MERCY, God have mercy; IV. iii. 157.

GOGS-WOUNDS, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 164.

GOOD SHIPPING, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 44.

GRACE, a kindness; I. ii. 133.

GRAMERCIES, i. e. "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.

GRATIFY, reward; I. ii. 279.

GREEN; "whiles your boots are green," i. e. (?) freshly greased,

- or fresh, new; (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 218.
- GRISSEL, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's Clerk's Tale; II. i. 302.
- HAGGARD, a wild hawk; IV. i. 201.
- HALED, pulled away by force; V. i. 113.
- HALT, limp; II. i. 263.
- HAND; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 149.
- HAP, good luck; I. ii. 275.
- HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.
- "HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion; I. i. 144.
- HARD; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.
- HA! TO THEE, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.
- HAVE, get; Induct. ii. 40.
- HAVE TO 'T, set to it; I. i. 143.
- HE = man; III. ii. 241.
- HIC IBAT SIMON, &c., from Ovid, *Epist. Heroid.* I. 33; III. i. 28-9.
- HIGH-CROSS, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 136.
- HILDING, term of contempt, menial; II. i. 26.
- HIPPED, covered to the hips; III. ii. 49.
- "HIT THE WHITE"; hit the center of the target; with allusion to Bianca (white); a term in archery; V. ii. 186.
- HOLIDAME, halidom; "by my halidom,"= upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.
- "HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES," probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 71.
- HUNGERLY, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 179.
- HURLY, hurly-burly; IV. i. 211.
- HUSBAND, economist, housekeeper; V. i. 72.
- HUSH T, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.
- IDLE, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.
- INDIFFERENT, equally; I. ii. 183.
- INDIFFERENT, "garters of an indifferent knit," i. e. tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 98.
- INGENIOUS, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.
- INGRATE, ungrateful; I. ii. 276.
- INTEND, pretend; IV. i. 211.
- INTOLERABLE = intolerably; I. ii. 90.
- I WIE, i. e. iwis, truly; I. i. 62.
- JACK, a term of contempt; II. i. 162.
- "JACK, BOY! HO! BOY!" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 45.
- JACKS . . . JILLS, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men-servants, and "jills," maid-servants; IV. i. 53, 54.
- JADE, worthless nag; I. ii. 255.
- JEALOUS, suspicious; IV. v. 76.
- JOIN'D STOOL, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 203.
- JOLTHEADS, blockheads; IV. i. 176.
- JUMP, agree; I. i. 195.
- JUNKETS, dainties; III. ii. 255.

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- KATE**, a play on *Kate* and *cat*; II. i. 284.
- KATED**, perhaps with a play upon *cat*; III. ii. 252.
- KATES**, "Dainties are all Kates," a play on the word *cates*; II. i. 193.
- KEEP YOU WARM**, referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 273.
- KENNEL**, gutter; IV. iii. 98.
- KINDLY**, "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.
- KNACK**, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
- LAMPASS**, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
- LAYING ON**, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.
- LEDA'S DAUGHTER**, i. e. Helen; I. ii. 250.
- LEET**, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 90.
- 'LEGES** = alleges; I. ii. 28.
- LEWD**, vile; IV. iii. 65.
- LIE**, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.
- LIEF**, gladly, willingly; I. i. 135.
- LIKE**, likely; IV. iv. 70.
- LIKE OF** = like; II. i. 65.
- LINK**, a pitch torch; IV. i. 141.
- LODGING**, chamber; Induct. i. 49.
- LONGLY**, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 170.
- LOOK BIG**, angrily; III. ii. 235.
- LOVELY**, loving; III. ii. 127.
- LURE**, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 200.
- LUSTY**, lively; II. i. 164.
- MAIDENHEAD**, maidenhood; III. ii. 232.
- MALT-HORSE**, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 136.
- MAN**, tame; IV. i. 201.
- MARR'D . . . MADE**, a favorite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115-116.
- MARRIED O' SUNDAY**; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister*; II. i. 331.
- MART**, bargain; II. i. 334.
- MASQUING**, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.
- MEACOCK**, timorous, worthless; II. i. 320.
- MEANER**, of lower rank; I. i. 210.
- MERCATANTE** (spelled "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.
- MERRY PASSION**, merriment; Induct. i. 97.
- Mess**, course; IV. iv. 70.
- MEW UP**, shut up; I. i. 87.
- MINION**, saucy wench; II. i. 13.
- MI PERDONATO** (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"), me being pardoned; I. i. 25.
- MODESTY**, moderation; Induct. i. 68.
- MOSE IN THE CHINE**, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
- MOVED**, angry; V. ii. 142.
- NAPKIN**, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.
- NEAT**, ox; IV. iii. 17.
- NEWS**; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 230.

OF = for; II. i. 238; on; IV. i. 73; V. ii. 72.

OLD, used intensively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow"; III. ii. 30.

ON = of; IV. i. 31.

ORCHARD, garden; II. i. 115.

OR ERE, before; IV. v. 8.

OTHER, others; I. ii. 123.

OVER-EYEING, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

PACKING, plotting; V. i. 137.

PAIN, pains, toil; III. i. 12.

PALABRIS; "paucus pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.

PANTALOOM, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy; III. i. 38.

PARLE, parley; I. i. 117.

PASS, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.

PASSING, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 116.

PEAT, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.

PEDANT, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.

PEDASCULE, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 52.

PHEEZE, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct. i. 1.

PLASH, pool; I. i. 23.

POINTS, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 49.

PORRINGER, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.

PORT, style of living; I. i. 208.

PRACTICE, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.

PREFER, recommend; I. i. 97.

PRESENT, immediate; IV. iii. 5.

PRESENTLY, immediately; IV. iv. 59.

PRICKS, incites, III. ii. 75; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in; III. ii. 71.

PROCEEDERS; perhaps used equivocally: to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.

PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 146.

PUT FINGER IN THE EYE, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

QUAINT, fine (used ironically); III. ii. 151; elegant; IV. iii. 102.

QUANTITY, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

RATED, driven away by scolding; I. i. 165.

RAYED, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 54; IV. i. 3.

REBUSED, Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.

RECKONING, description; IV. i. 90.

REDIME TE CAPTUM, &c., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 167.

RESTS, remains; I. i. 250.

REVEREND, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 212.

RING, the prize ring; I. i. 145.

ROPE-TRICKS, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric"; (*cp.* the Nurse's

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- "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154; I. ii. 112.
- ROUNDLY, straightway, directly; I. i. 59; bluntly; III. ii. 921; without needless ceremony; IV. iv. 109; used with a play on the word; V. ii. 21.
- RUDESBY, rude clown; III. ii. 10.
- RUFFLING (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.
- RUSHES STREWED; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 50.
- SACK, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.
- SADNESS, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.
- SCRIVENER, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.
- SEALED QUARTS, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 91.
- SECRET, confidential; I. i. 158.
- SEEN; "well seen," well-skilled, skillful; I. ii. 136.
- "SEIZE THEE THAT LIST," *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 93.
- SESSA, "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.
- SHEATHING, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 142.
- SHEER ALE, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 95.
- SHOULD, when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 163.
- SHEW'D, bad, evil; I. i. 185.
- SIMPLE, foolish; V. ii. 161.
- SITH, since; I. i. 916.
- SKILLS, matters; III. ii. 136.
- SKIPPER, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth*; II. i. 347.
- SLIPP'D, started, let slip; V. ii. 59.
- "SOCRATES' XANTHIPPE" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"), the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.
- SOUND, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 149.
- SORTED TO NO PROOF, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.
- SO VERY = so great; I. i. 198.
- SPECIALTIES, special deeds; II. i. 130.
- SPEED, succeed; I. ii. 253.
- SPLEEN, sudden impulse of mirth, Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.
- SPOKE—spoken; II. i. 196.
- STALE, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 92.
- STAND, withstand; I. ii. 115.
- STAY, restrain; Induct. i. 134.
- STEAD, aid; I. ii. 272.
- STILL, continually; IV. i. 215.
- STOCK, stocking; III. ii. 68.
- STOMACH, perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 165.
- STOOF, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 199.
- STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.
- STROND (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 175.
- SUITS, "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.
- SUPPOSES, assumed characters; (*cp.* Ariosto's "I Suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as "*The Supposes*,"); V. i. 196.

Glossary

SWEETING, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.

SWIFT, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.

SWINGE, lash; V. ii. 104.

TA'EN; "orders . . . ta'en," i. e. given; I. ii. 128.

TALL, fine; IV. iv. 17.

TENDER, tend; Induct. i. 16.

TENTS AND CAMOPIES, probably bed hangings; II. i. 360.

THIRDBOROUGH (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.

THOROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.

TOOK, gave; III. ii. 167.

TOWARD, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile; V. ii. 182.

TOY! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 411.

TRICK, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

TROT, woman, hag; I. ii. 80.

TRUNK, broad, large; IV. iii. 143.

TURTLE = turtle-dove; II. i. 214.

TWANGLING, twanging; II. i. 162.

TWINK, twinkling; II. i. 317.

TWO-AND-THIRTY, A PIP OUT, "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty"; pip—a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

UNABLE, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.

UNAFT, unfit; V. ii. 166.

UNCASE, undress; I. i. 212.

UNCONSTANT=inconstant; IV. ii. 14.

UNDERTAKE, assume; IV. ii. 106.

UNMANNER'D, unmannerly; IV. i. 176.

THE TAMING

UNPINK'D, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 140.

UNREVERENT, disrespectful; III. ii. 116.

UNTOWARD, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"VAIL YOUR STOMACHS," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.

VELURE, velvet; III. ii. 63.

VENICE, gold, i. e. Venetian Gold; II. i. 362.

VIED, challenged; II. i. 316.

WANTS, are wanting; III. ii. 254.

WATCH, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 203.

WHATSOEVER, at any rate; I. ii. 220.

WHO; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.

"WHY, WHEN, I SAY" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 150.

WIDOWHOOD, rights as a widow; II. i. 128.

WILL; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 189.

"WILL YOU, NILL YOU," whether you will or not; II. i. 278.

WINCOT, probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Wincot, 2 *Henry IV.*, V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.

WISH, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 60.

WITH, by; IV. iii. 111.

WOODCOCK, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 163.

OF THE SHREW

Glossary

WORKMANLY, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 63.

WORLD; "'tis a world," i.e. a wonder; II. i. 318.

YARD, yard measure (which used

to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.

YELLOWs, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 55.

YET, still; Induct, ii. 70.

YOURSELF = you yourself; I. ii. 159.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

GENERAL

1. From what is the idea of the Induction derived?
2. Where did an incident similar to that in the Induction actually take place?
3. To what sources can be traced the main plot and the underplot?
4. Compare the old play on this theme with the Shakespearean version.
5. In what way does the portrayal of Kate present a dramatic difficulty?
6. What is the fundamental truth supporting such a course as Petruchio's towards the transformation of Kate?
7. Describe Petruchio.
8. Describe the interaction of the two plots.
9. What is the main strength of the play? Wherein is its weakness?
10. What elements of this material were suited to engage Shakespeare's distinctive abilities,—and what were unworthy of them?

INDUCTION

11. Outline the Induction.
12. What is its dramatic quality?
13. Describe Christopher Sly.

ACT I

14. Where is the scene of the first act?
15. What is discussed between Lucentio and Tranio?

TAMING OF THE SHREW Study Questions

16. What is the resolve of Baptista?
17. With whom does Lucentio fall in love?
18. What is the suit of Gremio and Hortensio?
19. What plan does Lucentio devise to compass his suit?
20. What is the avowed intention of Petruchio in coming to Padua?
21. How does he receive Hortensio's suggestion as to his getting a wife?
22. How does Hortensio describe Katharina?
23. How does Grumio speak of his master to Hortensio?

ACT II

24. What disposition does Katharina show in her treatment of her sister?
25. How does Petruchio introduce Hortensio to Baptista?
26. What is the fate of the tutor who takes Katharina in hand?
27. Describe the first interview between Petruchio and Kate. What is its outcome?
28. How do Gremio and the pretended Lucentio present their suits for Bianca to Baptista?

ACT III

29. Describe the Latin lesson of Lucentio. What may have suggested this to Shakespeare?
30. How does Hortensio express his suit through his music lesson to Bianca?
31. How does Petruchio appear for his wedding? How does Biondello describe the get-up of him and his servant?
32. Describe Petruchio's behavior at the wedding.
33. Describe his first step thereafter towards the "taming" of Katharina.

ACT IV

34. Describe the scene between Curtis and Grumio, and the tale Grumio tells of the journey.

Study Questions

THE TAMING

35. What are the first tactics of Petruchio when he brings Katharina home?

36. What is the first effect of this upon her? How does she speak to him when he begins his assumed tempers?

37. What is the servants' comment upon it?

38. What is Petruchio's soliloquy upon the situation?

39. Where is the second scene laid?

40. How does it find the matters stand among the suitors of Bianca?

41. What does Hortensio decide he will do, when he notes the lovemaking between Bianca and the pretended Cambio?

42. Who comes along to serve for the part of Vincentio?

43. How does Tranio trick the newcomer into playing Vincentio?

44. Describe the plight of Katharina at her husband's house.

45. Describe the scenes with the tailor and haberdasher.

46. How do the Pedant, Tranio, and Biondello develop Lucentio's plan with Baptista?

47. How do they make the way clear for his clandestine marriage to Bianca?

48. How does Katharina begin to show the effects of Petruchio's discipline, on the journey back to her father's?

49. Whom do they meet upon the way?

ACT V

50. Describe the *contretemps* when Vincentio meets the disguised Pedant and Tranio. What is the outcome?

51. How do Petruchio and Katharina end the scene?

52. Where does the final scene take place?

53. Describe the introductory talk of the guests. What is still the evident opinion of all concerning Kate as a wife?

54. What is the wager of the husbands?

OF THE SHREW

Study Questions

55. What is Bianca's reply to her husband's message? What the widow's? What is Kate's?

56. What is Kate's final reproof to the other wives?

57. Is there a truth of human nature that would produce an extreme change of views like hers, in such a case as hers?

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